

POLICE HONOR ROLL--HEROES OF NEW YORK STREETS

Some Recent Episodes in Which Brave Men of the Force Have Unflinchingly Risked Their Lives—and Some Have Laid Them Down.

By HERMAN LAUE.

ONE year ago last Thursday Joseph Guarneri, a detective attached to the East 104th Street police station, was shot and killed by William Horgan. I knew Guarneri and saw him lying in the station house, his life sacrificed in performance of duty. I heard his side partner cry and saw him rush about with frenzy as he told of the last hours of the slain policeman. In another room was the body of William Horgan. It was the shot he fired before he met death that killed "Joe" Guarneri, one of the bravest officers in the history of the department. George Haerle, commanding detectives in the 39th

To the reporters who are called upon to cover police news there are so many opportunities to learn of the courage shown by members of the uniformed force that heroism becomes a commonplace. It is rarely touched upon unless a man's life was endangered or his act brought death. So many times have there been good deeds overlooked, passed up and eventually forgotten that now when the chance is given to tell of the many heroes of the New York Police Department the task is difficult from only one angle. That is, there is so much material to draw from, so many good men to praise that there is every reason to believe that many will be overlooked who

action, each recorded as striking examples of courageous men.

And so the Honor Legion of the Police Department, called into life by the inspiration of a plain policeman, was organized in March, 1912. It is the nearest approach to the complete history of the living heroes of the department, and its founders are deserving of all glory for giving life to a legion where 700 men meet on common ground.

The founders of the Honor Legion are John H. Ayers, Gustave A. Boettger, Edward J. Bourke, Otto Bruno, Joseph B. Conway, George C. Cunningham, Edward M. Edsall, Edwin F. England, John J. Frazer, Andrew



Members of the Honor Legion in Session.

Precinct, a police lieutenant, was technically a prisoner for shooting Horgan while defending Guarneri.

Now, I once had a gun pointed at me. It was loaded, and the farmer who held it knew how to shoot straight. No one needs to explain what it feels like to be shot at, if the sensation of facing a gun is anything similar. When I saw Haerle, modest, unassuming, standing in a corner, his face drawn and strained with excitement, yet fearless, he was to me an inspiration.

To those who look to the days of Rome or the field of battle for their heroes this story I am about to tell of the everyday heroism of the New York policeman may not appeal. Heroism is so often shown by policemen that in strong contrast is the lone man who wavers when occasion demands a display of courage. The uniform of the department is not bullet proof; it often invites attack from the crack-brain suffering from hatred for law and order. Cop-baiting is a favorite pastime with corner loafers in tough sections, and gangsters in Manhattan still delight in "doing up" the man who now and then breaks up their questionable gatherings.

should be mentioned and many whose good work should be singled out will find their names grouped with a lot of others.

A lone "cop," John J. Frazer, while patrolling his beat in the Borough of Queens one day in January, 1912, conceived the idea of forming an organization made up of men who, irrespective of rank in the Police Department, had been awarded honorable mention with medal or honorable mention with commendation by the Police Commissioner. Acts of valor performed at risk of life or meritorious acts at personal risk have been recognized and honored by the City of New York.

Men whose deeds thus recognized forming an organization which places all men on an equal footing, irrespective of what jobs they may hold in the department, is in itself unusual. A unique example of heroism reducing all to one level. No benefits are offered save that which comes from the feeling of pride in being part of a society which carries with it so much to the honor of those who qualify for membership therein. From thirty-seven charter members the Honor Legion has grown in strength and now represents nearly 700 policemen, all proven heroes, by departmental

Gelderman, Augustus S. Handberg, John J. Howard, John Kelly, Alexis Kleinmeir, Christian P. Klei, Alexander M. J. Knittle, Henry Kupfrian, David P. Lawlor, Charles Maas, Jeremiah Maglin, John J. Mooney, James A. Mulroy, John J. Murphy, William McHugh, James L. McNulty, Joseph L. Naughton, Charles E. Northrup, Dennis O'Mara, Michael O'Neill, Martin J. Regan, Joseph Ryan, Max F. Schmittberger, John P. Taaffe, Michael T. Walsh (since died), Rush A. Webster, James C. White and Selig Whitman.

The files of the Police Department, replete with actual brave work performed every day by men in some part of the city, show this: There are nearly 10 per cent of the uniformed force wearing stars which indicate that they have performed valorous deeds worthy of recognition by the Police Commissioner. The Honor Legion, organized by three years, has 700 members, each wearing one or more stars upon his sleeve. In what walk of life can a body of men show more honorably where physical courage is called into play than the police force of greater New York? Boast of your London hobby because of his politeness, of the efficiency of the police force of Germany or of the work done by other Continental cities, but what city in Europe can point to so many men honored so by heroic work in its ranks?



Officers and Guests of the Legion.

The Honored Dead of the Police Department Who Died in Performance of Duty.

Patrolman James Cahill	September, 1854
Patrolman Eugene Anderson	July, 1857
Patrolman Horatio Sanger	November, 1861
Patrolman David H. Martin	August, 1864
Patrolman George W. Dwyer	May, 1864
Patrolman John O'Brien	August, 1864
Patrolman Thomas Walker	August, 1865
Patrolman Henry Corlett	July, 1866
Patrolman Philip Lambrecht	March, 1872
Patrolman John Donohue	July, 1872
Sergeant James McGivern	July, 1875
Patrolman Asa H. Furness	December, 1876
Patrolman Francis Mallon	May, 1883
Patrolman James Brennan	October, 1888
Patrolman John J. Sherman	September, 1891
Detective John Carey	November, 1892
Patrolman Thomas R. McIntyre	September, 1896
Patrolman Frederick Smith	October, 1897
Patrolman William Baymeister	November, 1900
Patrolman Edward J. Mullen	January, 1901
Patrolman Thomas J. Fitzpatrick	January, 1901
Patrolman Frank J. Kelleghan	December, 1903
Patrolman Hugh J. Enright	March, 1904
Patrolman William F. Hedeman	July, 1906
Patrolman George M. Sechler	April, 1907
Patrolman Alfred A. Sollick	April, 1907
Patrolman Eugene S. Sheehan	October, 1907
Patrolman Robert J. Kavanagh	November, 1907
Patrolman Edward J. Fitzpatrick	January, 1908
Patrolman John Loughman	January, 1908
Lieutenant Joseph Petrosino	March, 1909
Patrolman James F. Mangen	October, 1910
Patrolman Michael Lynch	July, 1911
Patrolman Thomas E. O'Connell	June, 1912
Patrolman Charles J. Toate	May, 1913
Patrolman William B. Heaton	May, 1913
Patrolman Bernard O'Rourke	August, 1913
Patrolman Patrick Cotter	August, 1913
Sergeant Joseph M. McNierney	October, 1913



Mayor Mitchell Presenting Medals of Honor.

There's Patrick Gilshinan, who at 2 o'clock in the morning of January 2, 1914, being at the time a policeman on probation, jumped into the East River and rescued Thomas Fitzpatrick, a laborer, weighing 190 pounds. It was cold that morning. That part of the river is known for its swift tide. The man was twenty-five feet away, but forgetful of the chill of the water Gilshinan grabbed the sinking man and swam to the pier with him. This young patrolman was taken to the hospital suffering from submersion, and for five days was confined to his home. Fitzpatrick died. The doctors said he must have been in the water at least twenty minutes. Think of it, twenty minutes struggling with a drowning man in icy water! Heroism was required there, and Gilshinan displayed it.

A truly Western hold-up with all the thrills of the melodrama occurred on the morning of February 12, 1914, when Patrolman Weiland entered a saloon at the northwest corner of Bergen Avenue and 152d Street. He had noticed a powerfully built man pointing a revolver at Mrs. Celine Feick, the wife of the proprietor. He called for assistance, and Patrolman Campbell entered with him, each with revolver drawn. They caught John W. Smith, a typical bad man from Texas, who struggled with them, but was finally overpowered. Weiland held the prisoner while Campbell made a search for the other robber. He found young Feick and a customer cornered in another room. Campbell finally disarmed the thief, and with Weiland took the two prisoners to the station house. They were identified as two desperate hold-up men who had robbed other places in The Bronx.

Joseph Brown, who rescued Morris Gelinier from the fourth floor of a burning building on the evening of January 9, 1914, is another good example of men who willingly sacrifice life. The fire was in the six story loft building, 35 and 37 East Broadway. This policeman was confined to his home for one month suffering from burns.

CONK'S RESCUE OF HYSTERICAL WOMAN FROM DEATH BY FIRE.

Another rescue at a fire which stands out last year is that of John H. Conk, who rescued Mrs. Detloff. She was on the top floor of a three story frame tenement, 363 Evergreen Avenue, Brooklyn, when fire rapidly spread through that building early on the morning of January 30. Patrolman Conk, attracted by the screams, found the woman bending over the bed of her husband, sound asleep, the room filled with smoke. He succeeded in carrying the hysterical woman across the roof to safety. Her husband died soon after a fireman brought him to the street.

At 11 o'clock, forenoon, May 22, 1913, three men attempted to rob a bank messenger carrying \$7,000 to the Nathan Manufacturing Company, 416 East 106th Street, near First Avenue. Shots fired by Patrolman Nau and Sergeant Sechan frightened the thief and he darted into a yard, pursued by the two policemen. He was captured in a cellar.

Patrolman Timothy O'Connor distinguished himself a year ago last February by his daring rescue of two lads in Jamaica Bay, who while attempting to cross the ice on the bay broke through. O'Connor, while steadying himself on a piece of ice and pulling one of the boys to safety, crashed through the ice. He succeeded in saving the lives of the boys, but was overcome from exposure while in the icy water and finally had to be rescued by

Patrolman Hugh O'Donnell. He was sent to the hospital, where he recovered.

In a stabbing and shooting affray on the night of April 18, 1914, Patrolmen John J. Phillips and William A. McClary did remarkably good police work at great odds. Three fighting Italians, one armed with a revolver, one using a large knife and another using whatever he could lay his hands upon turned upon these two officers when they endeavored to arrest the lawbreakers. The two policemen did not yield an inch and arrested the men within a few minutes.

Another good example of excellent work is that which took place when Daniel F. Stack interrupted three burglars at work in a drug store on Tompkins Avenue, Brooklyn, shortly before 2 o'clock on March 6, 1914. Patrolman Wynn, who came to Stack's assistance when the men ran away, was shot and killed by one of them. Stack covered Melferry, who had shot Wynn, and made him a prisoner after a struggle. The others were captured by two fellow officers.

Joseph Gross, a patrolman, rescued Jacob Ginsberg from a fire at 521 East Eleventh Street. Ginsberg was overcome while trying to save a little girl and baby, who were burned to death. Three efforts were made by Gross to reach the children, but the policeman's efforts were unavailing. His uniform was practically destroyed, his hair singed off, but he escaped with slight injury.

BOLAND TOOK HIS CHANCE OF DEATH BY BLADE OR BULLET.

Thomas Boland, in arresting a wild-eyed Italian, named with an automatic pistol, fully loaded, on the morning of July 16, 1914, did good work at great risk. He saw two men fighting in front of 170 Thompson Street, Manhattan. One had a revolver, which he had placed to the breast of the other when Boland rushed upon him. He aimed at the policeman, but Boland was too quick. While on the way to the police station the prisoner drew a knife on the officer. He was disarmed.

At the foot of Forty-second Street, East River, a man was seen to jump at 11 o'clock on the night of April 8, 1914. Patrolman George Wargerman jumped into the water and struggled with the man, who when rescued said he had intended ending his life. Wargerman went home sick, and was in bed for a week as the result of his work.

Thomas Ward, unconscious, lying on the rails near the north end of the Bleecker Street station, on the morning of May 8, 1914, gave Patrolman James O'Connor a chance to distinguish himself, which he did by dropping to the tracks and lifting the unconscious man to the platform as a train bore down upon him. Quick work on the part of the ticket chopper, who waved a red light, saved the policeman's life.

A GROUP OF OFFICERS WHO DID BRAVE AND GOOD WORK.

These policemen all did good work, but we can only sketch what their heroism consisted of. Joseph M. McGowan rescued two people at a fire July 17, 1914. Daniel P. Hart and Charles A. Ernst stopped a runaway on June 21. John Casey and John J. Delany rescued a man and four children, aided by William Reith, on April 3, 1914. Patrick Curry, John Casey, Martin F. O'Connor, William Delaney, William L. Mott, Jr., Andrew T. F. Browne, Daniel J. Kelly, Edward Smith, Christian Gonseth, John G. Wolpert, John W. J. Fink,

Washington I. Hegeman, all got recognition for stopping runaway horses.

Sergeant William J. M. Flynn and Patrolmen John W. Dunn, Jacob Gucker and Joseph A. Kennedy rescued ninety horses from a stable on fire, where they had been abandoned by employes of the place.

Sergeant John Enright was laid up for a month following his daring work in stopping a runaway on May 12, 1914. Sergeant William Burger rescued two children from a fire on May 4, 1914.

Detective Sergeants Richard P. Oliver and Richard A. Fennelly arrested two burglars after exchanging shots on May 4, 1914.

Patrolman Valentine Standing rescued three unconscious persons from an elevator shaft which had been wrecked by the car dropping to the bottom of it. Timothy J. O'Neill captured an Italian who had shot a man. Leif Halpern arrested a man who had mortally wounded another during a struggle on June 15, 1914. In his effort to make the arrest Patrolman Halpern was kicked in the abdomen.

COMMENDED BY AUTHORITIES FOR GOOD WORK IN 1914.

The following policemen all distinguished themselves during 1914 and were commended for good work:

Patrick J. Bligh, Charles R. Fettscher, George T. Magee, Thomas Hackett, James A. Glynn, Anthony L. Bourke, Alfred W. Zucker, John Gaffney, John C. Garner, Henry J. Brown, Andrew W. Nylander, Joseph W. Finnegan, Thomas Riordan and Frank J. Wood.

Lieutenant Patrick H. Glides, and Acting Detective Sergeant James J. Gogan were commended for their work in arresting Frank Tannenbaum, the youthful I. W. W. leader, and his 190 followers on March 4, 1914, after they had entered St. Alphonsus Roman Catholic Church and demanded shelter.

John G. Neun, detective sergeant, who assisted in the arrest of David Mahoney, who attempted to shoot Mayor Mitchell on April 17, 1914, was given due praise for his good work.

These patrolmen were all mentioned as worthy of commendation for work done in 1914: George J. Whitney, Joseph Green, Nathan A. Davis, Christian R. Wackerly, Ferdinand A. Timmes, George Merz, Martin A. Noonan, Patrick Griffin, George B. Mooney, Christopher J. Mills, Charles J. Stickle, Hugh O'Donnell, Samuel P. Stillwagon, Frank C. Stegman, John O'Gorman, William J. Donovan, Michael J. Flanagan, John Furlong, Francis Kiernan, Ivor K. W. Nylin, Eldridge L. Warner, Frank E. Burke, Walter S. Sargent, Joseph T. Dwyer, Francis J. Crowley, Joseph L. Murphy, Gustav J. Soderberg, James M. Byrne, William F. Ryan, Charles F. Mathews, William L. Young, Thomas V. Burke, Thomas A. L. Duane, William V. Terry, William J. Ferriek, Joseph E. Dougherty, John J. G. Gerhard, Lawrence M. Sobel, Alexander Hall, Francis T. Finnegan, John J. Manning, Dennis W. Callahan, Charles E. Wise, John A. McGough, Charles B. Anderson, John W. Earl James A. McKee, Walter Siems, Dominick Claffa, John J. Fitzgerald, Robert R. Maher, Albert F. Schobel, Charles B. Montanye, William J. McCaffrey, Joseph P. Pelet, Joseph A. Williamson, William L. Young and Thomas V. Burke.

A HEADER INTO ODD FACTS OF NEW YORK

Continued from second page.

ings there was a man who specialized in statistics. He very courteously undertook to find out which building in Manhattan would accommodate the greatest number of persons. It did not take him long to conclude that it was the new Equitable Life Building.

"It is 537 feet high and has approximately 1,500,000 square feet of floor area," said the obliging statistician. "Of course, it is not as tall as the Woolworth Building, which is 750 feet high, but it has about twice the floor area. You would hardly believe it, but, translated into acres, the office acreage is about forty-one. No, I do not know how many tenants it will accommodate. The leasing agents probably will know that."

They did, as friend Nutt discovered later when he called them on the telephone. They said that the number was from 12,000 to 15,000, or the population of the city one-half the size of Stamford, Conn.

The lover of facts thanked the statistician. "If I can help you further just call me up," said the official, illustrating the new spirit which seems to have taken hold of all the municipal offices.

Two floors below was the Department of Bridges. Here Mr. Nutt found the officials as courteous as any he had met. He had learned from the almanac that Manhattan Bridge, 6,555 feet long, was the largest suspension bridge in the world, and that the Queensboro Bridge was 8,601 feet long, and, therefore, the longest in New York City. But which was the shortest bridge?

"We have charge of bridges over navigable waters only," said the official. This was news to Mr. Nutt, who thought the Bridge Department, of course, had control of all bridges in the city. "We have forty-two in our department. There are 272 under the care of the borough presidents and fifty in Central Park. Lemon Creek, Staten Island, has the narrowest navigable channel. The stream is thirty feet wide. The bridge isn't much to look at. It might be in any back country town. The smallest one in Manhattan is the Kings Bridge, which carries Broadway across Spuyten Duyvil Creek. The width of the stream is thirty-nine feet. It, too, is an old-fashioned timber bridge, such as you would hardly expect to find in a big city as New York. It is probably the oldest bridge in the city. Our record of it reads simply, 'Year and month opened for traffic—A. D., 1693.' "If you want to know what is really the smallest

bridge in Manhattan, you ought to go down to the Park Department. There are a lot of bridges in Central Park, you know."

This fitted in with Mr. Nutt's plans, for he wanted to know about the largest and smallest parks in Manhattan and the city. Thanking the official of the Bridge Department, who handed him two heavy red-covered books containing several annual reports, plans and photo-engravings of the city's various bridges, he went out. The books would be additions to his reference library, thought Mr. Nutt, as he pressed the button for the local cars. They suggested browsing ground for his hobby.

The secretary of the Park Department was most courteous. He was perfectly willing to do what he could for so earnest a seeker after facts. He was good enough to introduce the hobby rider to the Commissioner, who opened wide the doors to the cabinet. The keeper of the repository from which he wished to get some fodder for his hobby was the park engineer. This official was so busy that he was eating his lunch at his desk. Mr. Nutt had been so absorbed in the sport of speed which his hobby was showing that he had forgotten that one ever ate luncheons. The engineer smiled as he shook hands with Mr. Nutt and said he would be glad to do anything he could. Learning what was desired, he immediately proceeded to sketch a bridge or two on a sheet of paper, remarking as he did so that he liked to draw and that it was a most excellent way of presenting the points of anything. It was decided that in order to determine which was the smallest bridge it would be necessary to send a man to the park to make some measurements. An appointment, therefore, was made for two days later. Of course, Central Park, with its 843,019 acres, is the largest park in Manhattan, and Pelham Bay Park, in the Bronx, 1,756 acres, is the largest in the city. This information had been gained from the almanac the day before. What park was the smallest?

"The smallest park," said the obliging engineer, "is Sherman Square, at Broadway and Seventieth Street. It is so small that it is paved over. It is one ten-thousandth of an acre in area, or 4,3560 square feet. If we should attempt to indicate the triangle, for it is not square, by extending the building lines, using the customary stone curbs, there wouldn't be any of the park visible, for it would be hidden beneath the boundary stones and literally a minus quantity. It is for this reason that it has not been laid out, but is paved. If it were just a little larger we could

do as we have done in other small parks, plant a tree and make a real park of it."

Mr. Nutt expressed his thanks and added that he would return on Friday for the information about the bridges in Central Park. His appetite stimulated by the sight of the engineer's sandwich, he retired to a neighboring lunch parlor.

It was now mid-afternoon and there was time for visiting only one more department. Happily, he had only one more on his list. It was the office of the Commissioners of Taxes and Assessments, where he hoped to learn which were the most and least valuable pieces of land on Manhattan. Going up to the tenth floor, he found the experts of that department as kindly disposed as any officials he had met. The chief deputy ran his finger over the readings on several of the outline maps in the "Land Value Book," and assistants brought in the books he mentioned. The high spot was the southeast corner of Broadway and Wall Street, a bit of ground 29 by 30 feet. The valuation placed upon it was \$42,000 a front foot, or a total of \$825,000 for the tiny garden patch.

While the chief deputy was assuring himself through his assistants that this was the most valuable bit of ground in Manhattan, he told the story of the man who sought to buy it when it was owned by the Silliman family. This man had been told by Mr. Silliman that if he covered it with gold dollars he could have it, but no less a sum would buy it. He retired, figured out how many gold dollars it would require to cover it, and returned with his offer.

"Oh, I meant placed on edge," was the response to his offer.

The lowest valued land proved to be that at the point where Lenox Avenue and East 147th Street come down to the edge of the Harlem River. The mud flats here are covered part of the time. Included with a bit of upland, these plots, somewhat larger than the Wall Street corner, are valued at \$1,000 each.

This finished Mr. Nutt's tramping for the day and, imitating Gray's ploughman, he took his homeward way. It was not so comfortable a way, however. There were 679 persons on the platform at the Ninth Street elevated station, and three were pushed off in the path of the incoming train.

If there were time and space the further travels of Mr. Nutt's hobby could be described, but it is sufficient to add on this occasion that when he visited the Park Department two days later he learned that the smallest bridge was made of three flagstones, whose length was 7.9 feet.